Deerfield. Oct. 19. 1880.

My dear Mr. May:

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter of the 16th: and for your attempt to enlighten me on the subject proposed by me, and still more for your kind regards. All my relationships with you have shed a sort of beauty over my life, whenever I have thought of them.

In regard to Bp: Boulter, I have also received a postal from Thomas W. Silloway of 77 Green St. Boston; but he does not give me the lines. He has however copied out an account of the Bp: from a Biogr: Dict: publ. in London in 1748, and sent it to the Register for publication.

Your recollection of the two lines there quoted is, I see, more correct than mine; and the word "serene" far more beautiful than I had it. I think I have not seen the lines for more than forty years. Now and then, I look for them. My impression has always been that I read them first in Boswell's Life of Johnson; but I have never been able to find them there. Possibly, they may be in Croker's notes to his edition of that work: I owned "Croker" once, but alienated it long since.

Your allusion to the name of Swift in this connexion, suggests to me the possibility that the Epitaph may be found in Walter Scott's Life of Swift; a book, I think I read in my youth, but have not seen since. I should not be likely to find Scott's edition of Swift's works anywhere here in the few little Libraries we have.

Don't you remember the *idea* of the remaining lines of the Epitaph? Viz: that the Bp. Boulter, having inscribed his wrongs in the dust, was pleased when he saw the wind erase them, and was only sorry that he could not hide them from his Maker's eye? Perhaps the ideas may recall the words to you.

It happens a little singularly: I found in Mrs. True of Marion, Ohio, visiting in this village a few weeks since, the place of her birth, some fifty or sixty years since, and fell into some literary conversation with her, and, I know not in what natural connexion, asked her about the Epitaph, repeating the first lines. I found that she had also, often tried to recall them, and to look them up. She thought they were in Grimshaw's Life and Letters of Wm. Cowper. I have that book, and at once went home, and searched the 8 vols: all the way through, unsuccessfully. But I think we will find it; and then we three or four will communicate with one another.

As to the books on the South, I have only read the Fool's Errand: the other I will send and get. The Fool's Errand has struck me as an exceedingly important book, — important both to the North and the South. It reveals a horrible state of fear and cowardice, and the cruelty that proceeds from such states of mind. It suggests, however, that the Devil, who goes to and ~~from~~ fro about the earth, rather pos=

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session, wherever he finds a suitable locality, an
that we are much indebted for our circumstan
that he awakens less terrible passions here at th
north. Was Canterbury, Connt., much better th
the Kuklux? and gentlemen of standing, of
supposed moral character, much better than
Southern gentlemen, who are cruel, when they
suppose their lives, and families, and prope
at stake?

As to what we should do, or should have d
for the colored people, — I do not know that
constitutions, laws and other institutions can
or could have effected much more, except on
as we have the moral elevation from which
laws and institutions must find their origi
I know of only one remedy for human wicked
— and that is, men must be persuaded of their
spiritual nature, as a condition of Infinite g
to them. Inspire that knowledge, and all good
comes thro' aspiration and intuition, — and over all
in time they triumph "Neither is there salvation in
other"! I shall hope for more letters to pass between us: an
am Happily, heartily Yours, E. Buckingham.